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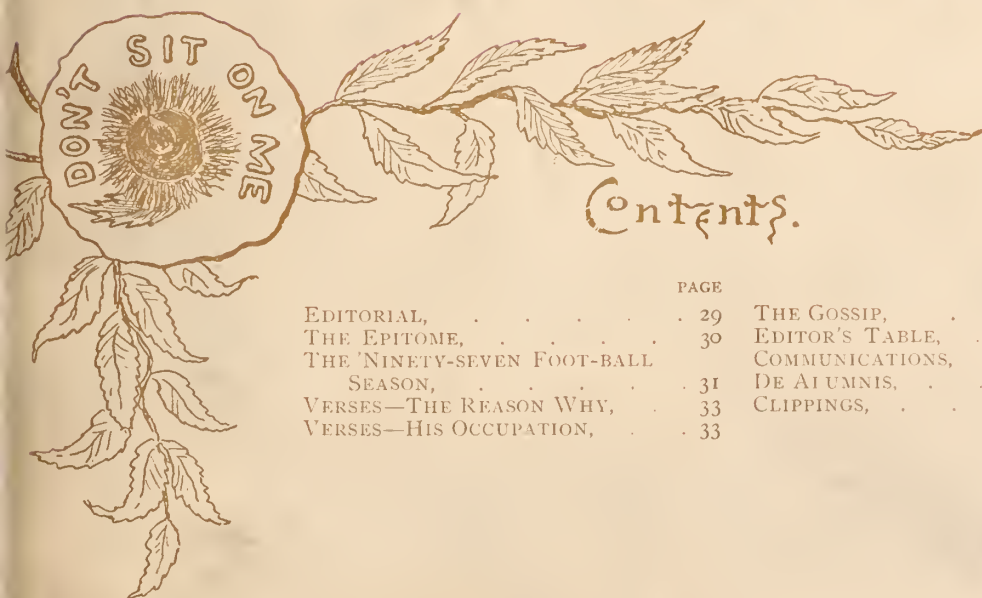
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The

Dr W H Chandler jun 97

Lehigh

Burn.



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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER 21, 1897.

No. 4.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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A COMMUNICATION in another column calls our attention to the subject of college meetings which deserve notice, especially at this season of the year.

It certainly has a good effect to get the men together when they feel at their ease and can enjoy a good smoke and a reasonable amount of good cheer, and see something of one another. If a few meetings like this were held they would lay the foundation, we think, for a more enthusiastic support during the coming baseball and lacrosse season, than has heretofore been manifested.

THE Lehigh University Gun Club, though one of our youngest organizations, appears to be taking an important place among our college institutions. The members seem to attend the practice shoots with a great deal of perseverance, and, though as yet there are few good shots, if the present interest is kept up good results are bound to follow.

We hope that the match with the University of Pennsylvania's Gun Club may come off, and that Lehigh may do herself credit. In any case, defeat at the hands of a club with so much more experience would be no disgrace to one as young as ours.

We hope that so many good shooters may materialize at the practices that, when the

final match comes, never a "blue rock" will reach the ground intact.

DURING the past few weeks all those who have the interests of Lehigh at heart have been in a more or less anxious state of mind on account of the critical condition of Dr. Drown. Now, though he is by no means well even yet, we are beginning to feel more easy and we trust that before long all cause for anxiety may be gone. Judging from the official bulletins the turning point seems to be past, and now each change in his condition should be for the better.

How much the Undergraduates have the health of Dr. Drown at heart was plainly demonstrated by the concern manifested before the official bulletins were instituted, and by the enthusiasm with which they were received when brought around to the different departments by "Jim."

Let us hope that on our return from the Christmas Holidays we may find Dr. Drown on the high road to health.

IN another part of this issue we publish a short article giving the history and growth of *The Lehigh Epitome*, and in addition a few words about the prospects for this year's annual. We would like to supplement what

is therein said with a few suggestions. Last year's book was a very good one in many respects, as it introduced some altogether new features and left the rut in which its predecessors had tended to travel. Its cover was very good and its artistic work and literary productions were well up to the average. Its presswork, however, was rather mediocre and the quality of the paper was not what it might have been, as it tended to crinkle after

one had turned over the leaves a few times, which soon made the pages unsightly.

Now let us give a word of advice. Why not cut down the size of the book and have it a little more handsomely gotten up; that is, more expensive paper and better presswork? Would this not be an improvement? It seems to us that it would be far better, in this case as in many others, to sacrifice quantity to quality.

THE EPITOME.

TO the Class of '78, and more particularly to Mr. H. Fitz-John Porter, Mr. Wilnor P. Paret, and Mr. Frank P. Howe, is due the credit and honor of originating and putting into execution the idea of an annual publication at Lehigh.

Since the founding of the University in 1866 there had been a steady growth along the lines of athletic development, together with a more general interest in all phases of college life. With the advent of fraternities and other social stimulus it was realized that Lehigh was wanting in a most distinctive feature—the college annual.

Under the energetic management of the above-mentioned gentlemen the Sophomore Class published the first *Lehigh Epitome*, on November 16, 1875.

The volume contained an introductory editorial, the names of the faculty, the class lists, short class histories, secret fraternities—of which there were but two at that time—and a miscellaneous department. Under this last came the Engineering Society, The Lehigh Junto, musical organizations, and eating clubs.

In the Memorabilia, at the close of the volume, was given a little history of the Uni-

versity up to date. Although the material of the book, which appeared in a modest paper cover, was quite insignificant by the side of that which now goes to make up an *Epitome*, it is surprising that an annual so complete and so well arranged as this could thus suddenly come into existence.

The *Epitome*, as the name indicates, is a complete resumé of all the year's events at the University. Never since its establishment has the annual been allowed to suspend publication. At first it was entirely in charge of the Sophomores, but after 1886, when the college-at-large published the book, it went into the hands of the Juniors, which class has published it ever since.

During the last few years our annual has reached such a standard of excellence that it easily ranks among the leading college annuals. This year's book depends, as did all others, on the Undergraduates. There is just as much good material in College now as there ever was, and it can and, it is to be hoped, will come out and make the '99 book a pride to all Lehigh men, both Undergraduate and Alumni.

THE 'NINETY-SEVEN FOOT-BALL SEASON.

ONE more foot-ball season is over, and still Lehigh has not as yet regained her old standing in the world of athletics. Not more than five or six years ago we ranked first after the "Big Four," and the foot-ball team of Lehigh was one of which any one could have been proud.

You will ask, undoubtedly, to what is this great falling-off attributed? In the opinion of the writer it is almost entirely due to two causes. The first of these lies at the door of the Undergraduates, namely lack of college spirit; it is to them we must look to again place Lehigh in the proud position she once held in athletics.

The lack of college spirit has been terribly felt this autumn. When one looks around College and sees men who are big and strong, who are healthy and robust, who are in every way competent to play such a game as foot-ball, when one sees these men, I say, and sees that, either through lack of college spirit or through lack of nerve, they will not come out in answer to the captain's call, it is enough to discourage even the most hopeful and confident of natures.

Captain Gunsolus and Coach Hammond certainly had a task before them when the candidates tumbled out on the Athletic Field for the first practice in September, a task which would have made many less determined and plucky men give up without even trying. But these two never thought for a moment of such a possibility. By sheer push and indomitable perseverance they turned out for us what was probably the best team in the country for its weight. But how can we expect Lehigh to turn out good teams unless we get to work and each and every one of us do our share toward helping her on in this her hour of need? Every man can do his share be he small or large, light or heavy. Let every one who has ever in his life played a game of foot-

ball come out next year, when the call for candidates comes. Let us make up for our laxity this year, and let us strive as we have never dreamed of doing before, and then, if by Thanksgiving Day Lehigh is not back in her old place, we will, at least, feel the pleasure that comes to every one when his duty is done, and done well, and we can then say that, at least, it was not our fault. And if she is back in the old position how proud we can then all feel, for will not every one of us have helped to put her there?

The second cause I think can be laid not upon the Undergraduates but upon our Alumni. How many of them ever come back and try to help us? We played foot-ball for eleven weeks this year, and but one graduate showed that he had spirit and love enough for the old place left to come back and give us the aid we were in such desperate need of. Some will say, no doubt, that we have a coach who is always with us, and who is supposed to look after us, as far as coaching is concerned; but to him I will answer thus: I should like to ask one question, to ask him if he has ever thought how much quicker and how much more devotedly men would obey and do their best to carry out the wishes of a man who has the same wish at heart as they have, who is a graduate of their own college and who has been through, many years before, just what they are going through now—do you suppose that men could feel the same to the stranger, the coach from another college, as they could for men from their own? Don't you suppose if our foot-ball men know that our Alumni were giving up their time, which at their period of life is perhaps the most valuable they will ever have, if they know this, I say, don't you suppose that an example like that, would inspire each and every one of our players?

It would need but a very short time, with

two such powers as our Alumni and Undergraduates combined to help us, to place old Lehigh as high as ever she stood before, if not higher. Before turning to the consideration of the past season, let the writer once more express the hope that next year will see Alumni back to coach and Undergraduates willing to work with might and main to help along the good cause.

The season opened with but three or four of last year's 'Varsity men still in college, and it was to the incoming class that Captain Gunsolus had to look for material to make up the team. Several good men showed up, but it was with virtually a green eleven that Lehigh lined up, on October 2d, against the veteran team of Princeton. We were greatly outweighed, and our light line could make no pretense of holding the Tiger's heavy men. Our backs were miserably slow in starting and our interference was more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence, and Princeton scored almost at pleasure, even in the second half when she had at least five or six substitutes in her line-up.

The following week saw us lined up against Pennsylvania with another "waterloo" in store for us; the game should have been a good one and Pennsylvania would never have run up the score she did if it had not been for the fumbling of our half-backs and full-back, by which Pennsylvania scored at least thirty points. The line could not hold Penn's terrible on-rush at all during the first half; but in the second half, however, they braced up and played a very good defensive game.

Williams was our next antagonist, and Lehigh showed great improvement in this game. The interference formed much more quickly than in the two preceding games, and the backs started with more life and speed. The principal fault, and the one which lost us several touchdowns, was again the fumbling of the backs. Williams also lost several opportunities to score by the same fault. Lehigh won, however, by a field-goal kick

almost immediately after the starting of play.

The following Wednesday we played our first home game with Dickinson, putting up what was probably one of the worst exhibitions of foot-ball ever witnessed on the home grounds. Fumbling, listlessness, and high tackling, together with several rather bad rulings by the officials, were what must account for our very poor score.

The game against Bucknell came next and was lost, principally because the number of substitutes we had to put in. Lehigh started out with a great deal of dash and life, but it was nearly entirely due to flukes and tricks that we scored as much as we did, their line being so heavy we could make but small impression upon it.

Lafayette, at Easton, was the game scheduled for the following week, and here another large score against us was the result of the game. Our line and backs were almost helpless against their overpowering weight, and Walbridge circled the ends almost at will for many long runs and several touchdowns.

West Point came next, and, although we scored on them, we could not keep them from crossing our line several times. This game brought to light, more than any other game we played, the fact that in tackling the men put no life and ginger into their work; repeatedly they would let men drag them for five or ten yards after they had hold of them, or else they let go their hold altogether.

New York University, our next antagonist, was the first and only team we played this year, who did not outweigh us by at least six or eight pounds to the man; they were more nearly our own weight, and we won easily. Great improvement was shown by the men, and our hopes were raised only to be crushed again in our game against Annapolis, when, for some reason, Lehigh calmly stood by and let a team that was not one whit better than themselves run up almost any score they chose. The same old fault of fumbling at critical mo-

ments was again Lehigh's greatest handicap.

Our next and last game came on Thanksgiving Day, with our old rivals from Easton. This was the only game played by Lehigh this year in which she showed her real strength, and, but for a fumble by her full-back and one or two poor rulings, the score would have been much closer. Our line played as they had never done before, and time and time again held Lafayette's heavy men and "guards and tackles back interference" for four downs on our own three or four-yard line. The game was a hard one, but was free from rough playing of any kind, as was also our first game played down in Easton. We should be very glad that our strained relations with Lafayette have been patched up and should hope that the present feeling of friendship and

harmless rivalry will long continue between us.

Captain Gunsolus deserves great credit for the work the team has done this season, and the writer feels sure that the college will join in thanking both him and the coach for the time and trouble which each spent over it.

In closing it may be said that the management this year was both able and efficient, may it have the best financial success.

Looking forward to next year's team, it looks as if we ought to have a very good one. We lose but one man, Captain Gunsolus, and, although his loss will be greatly felt, we hope that with the help of the College, both Undergraduates and Alumni, we can manage to make up for his loss and place Lehigh back in her old position on the gridiron.

THE REASON WHY.

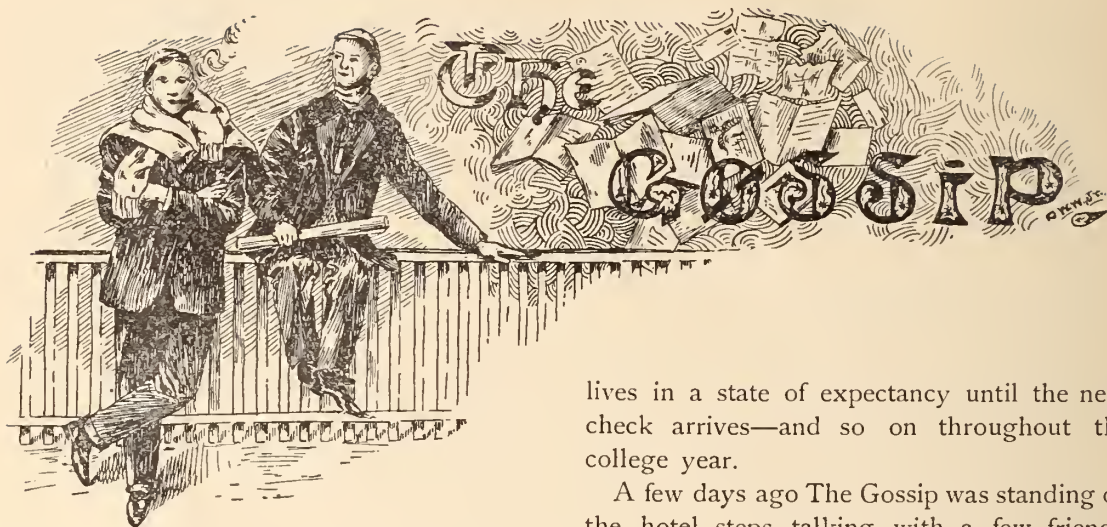
I LOVED her once, I love her still,
I love her not against my will,
And I have dared to tell her so,
But with this maid I have no show,
Though often I have kissed her.

Her hair, brown as the autumn leaf,
Her sweet eyes answering shade beneath,
With all such charms she charms the men.
Marry her?—you ask me when.
Oh never—she's my sister.

HIS OCCUPATION.

I KNEW this man for twenty years,
And his chief occupation
Was, as it then appeared to me,
To elevate his station.

He labored hard, but all in vain,
Death claimed him, sad to tell.
Now probably, with the same old vim,
He's trying to raise —.



THE GOSSIP, as you all know, is a close student of human nature—more especially student nature—and takes great pleasure in giving his attention to the different types of college men. There is the “athlete,” the “sport,” the “fiend,” the “society lion,” the “man of many affairs,” etc., but the most interesting of all, and the one in which each other type plays its role, is the “man who has just received a check.”

For weeks he has been looking forward to its advent, he has planned just how he will spend each dollar, just what he will buy, and just what bills are absolutely necessary for him to pay. As the day on which it is due approaches, he is the very picture of expectancy, and if, mayhap, it should be a little late, he is almost wild with anxiety. When at last it arrives his face is wreathed in smiles, and he has a cheerful word for everybody. He hies him straightway to the bank and turns this piece of paper into hard cash with as a little delay as possible. He next pays a few of the most pressing bills, buys a few necessities, and then lives like a lord for a week or so. By this time he is usually “dead broke,” and

lives in a state of expectancy until the next check arrives—and so on throughout the college year.

A few days ago The Gossip was standing on the hotel steps talking with a few friends, when one of the above-mentioned happy individuals suddenly turned the corner, and, on seeing the group, straightway invited them in to have drinks on him. Now, The Gossip didn't want to hurt his friend's feelings, so he straightway accepted, pondering meanwhile upon what a good thing it was to have friends who received checks.

* * *

Verily, Christmas is upon us, and the students will soon leave The Gossip to repair to their homes with the prospect of turkey and plum pudding galore. However, Christmas is always a joyous and busy season for him as there is a chance to discuss other people's presents and a splendid opportunity to think up new scandal and perversions, of the truths to use when College opens once more. To his friends, the Lehigh men, he wishes all sorts of nice things. May Santa Claus fill their stockings to overflowing, and may they have lots of fun and entertainment, and come back rested and refreshed and ready to cope with the “exams” at the end of the term.

The Gossip wishes to each and all a Merry Christmas.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the magazines which come to The Table is *The Western College Magazine*, which is an inter-collegiate periodical devoted to the interests of western colleges and high schools, and is published in Kansas City, Mo.

It has correspondents at thirty-nine colleges and universities and at nineteen high schools, which gives it a complete insight into western student-life. With sixty-seven pages of literary matter, illustrations and advertisements, it presents a very brave appearance. Altogether *The Western College Monthly* is a very excellent publication.

* * *

The following from *The Lafayette* may be of interest, The Table thinks, as it shows that others are in somewhat the same quandary as ourselves :

"The approach of examinations brings to our attention once more the question of adopting, here at Lafayette, in its entirety the honor system of examinations which is being tried so successfully at other colleges. In some departments the old-fashioned system of espionage which is generally pursued here has practically been supplanted by the honor system in its modified application. The evils of the old plan, when the examination is not conducted orally, have already been discussed in these columns, and are evils which are apparent to the faculty and students alike. A more uniform system, we believe, would be a step in the right direction."

* * *

The Brunonian, as usual, shows up well with its literary matter, especially noteworthy, The Table thinks, is a piece of verse entitled "A Farewell to Football," which is given below :

A FAREWELL TO FOOT-BALL.

(Apologies to Byron.)

Farewell to the game, the fame of whose glory,
Arose and o'erspread the land with its might,
It vanishes now, and its heroes so gory,
Are home in triumph, away from the fight.
The chill of the north now heralds the winter,
And freezes in slumber the layers of earth,
Thus forming indoors the age of the sprinter
And dances that lack an iota of worth.

Farewell, oh great game, that ever has won us,
You set but to rise, as a bright shining star,

And yet though a college or two may have done us,
Again we will welcome the sport from afar.
Base-ball or lawn-tennis may reach rare perfection,
But never can rise to the height of thy fame,
For if on occasion you change one's complexion,
All honor and glory alike waits his name.

Farewell, ah farewell until the next season,
Shall carry thee back triumphant again
To teach to thy foes the wisdom of reason,
And make them respect the wishes of men.
Yet, yet thou mayst rise midst the hosts of the nations,
And scatter the darkness afar by thy name,
Till soon in the future, with greatest ovations,
Slow war will be merged in the dash of thy game.
—*The Brunonian*.

* * *

The Morningside, of Columbia University, and *The Yale Courant* are about the finest pieces of presswork The Table has ever seen. The cover of the former is an artistic triumph in black and white, while that of the latter represents a rather conventional study in blue which is very appropriate. The inside of each keeps pace with its exterior by reason of clear type and good paper. Much might also be said of the literary superiority of each.

* * *

The Cornell Magazine deserves mention with the rest. The November issue contains several good stories, also a short play in three acts, which has a pleasant flavor of college about it. Among its clippings is a short piece of verse from a recent issue of THE BURR.

* * *

From our neighbors at Easton The Table has received *The Touchstone*, which is a literary monthly modeled after the style of *The Yale Courant*, *The Morningside*, *The Chap Book*, etc. It is fairly well gotten up, and should succeed. The following is a sample of its verse :

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe hangs in the hall,
A silent judge.
With sacred care we guard the place
Like Druids old.
Love dares not take the golden knife
To cut the twig,
For Chance alone controls the lot.
(So let us hope.)

* * *

Dear, happy Christmas-tide!
Would that thy cheer could last
The livelong year. —*The Touchstone*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles will be published.]

EDITORS OF THE LEHIGH BURR:—Gentlemen: The period between the end of the foot-ball season and the opening of the lacrosse and base-ball season is rather a dull one in a college way, and we tend to forget all about our duty towards Lehigh. Now, I think it would be an excellent idea to have some college meetings during the next two months. Not college meetings down in the Physical Lab. on Saturday mornings, but real, live meetings somewhere else on Saturday evenings, like the one we had last winter. Let us have a chance to gather together, two or three hundred strong, and sing college songs and hear a few good speeches from old Lehigh men. That is college life in its best form.

Let some of the Upper-classmen organize a few of these meetings and I am sure the results will be gratifying.

1900.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—The writer has an idea. He may be one of the harmless cranks who are always trying to give away ideas of value, but be that as it may, here it is:

We have at Lehigh several societies which have for their object the discussion of engineering subjects, for the sake of the information to be derived therefrom. The papers read at their meetings reach but a small number of the men in college, and some scheme ought to be arranged by which more might have the benefit of their researches.

The suggestion I would make is that several pages of THE BURR be devoted to scientific and technical matters. The main contents of this department would be the papers read before the societies, and, as a side issue, a page or two of notes on the technical magazines which are found in the library. How many men read up the periodicals with any degree of regularity? The writer is not one of the few who do, and he is conscious of missing

articles of value. The idea of this page would be to point out, not instruct. The article itself could be read for that. It may be claimed that if one had much interest in the subjects brought before the engineering societies he would attend their meetings. No doubt this may apply in some cases, but it does not apply to all. Not long ago the writer wanted to hear a paper read before the Math. Club, but could not be present; the same was true of two meetings of the engineering societies.

While not a member of the Math. Club, nor of any of the engineering societies, I would like a file of the papers read at those societies, especially as some of these are prepared or corrected by men who stand high in their branches of engineering. *Scientific.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LEHIGH BURR:—In a recent issue of *The Brown and White* there appeared a communication which made some sweeping assertions and caused a good deal of comment. Though the writer, who signs himself as "Alumnus," is a little severe in many respects, and undoubtedly does some of our organizations injustice, especially the athletic associations, yet it seems to me that he is in a great measure correct in what he says.

There is one distinction I would like to make, however, it is this: All the Undergraduates are divided into two classes, those who figure in and help along college interests, and those who do not. The latter class, which I regret to say is much the larger one, takes no interest or active part in college affairs, nor in most cases does it support those who do. As a rule the clubs, teams, etc., are carried on well enough by the members, but as they receive no support from outside, they fail—yet they have done their best and usually have done well, too. The best team that ever took the field could not make a success of their games with a row of empty bleachers

perpetually confronting them, nor could the finest amateur dramatic association that ever put a play on the stage cover expenses with an empty house. Evidently college entertainments, games, etc., are a success or not, as they are appreciated by the students-at-large, no matter how great the excellence of the participants.

Another reason why many of our organizations are in such poor shape, is that they are controlled by factions. What we want to

have is the best man for a position in that position, and until we succeed in this we must not be surprised at the spectacle of unprosperous institutions and bankrupt associations. However much we may be inclined to blame the failure of some of our institutions, we ought to stop and be sure that the fault does not lie with the men who ought to support it, not with the participants. Let us do justice to all.

Senior.



—Gerald Lewis, '95, has gone to the Klondike gold fields.

—L. R. Lee, '97, has gone to South America on business.

—R. A. McKee, '95, is with The Brooks Locomotive Works, Dunkirk, N. Y.

—R. S. Perry, '88, is located at Cave Springs, Ga.

—R. S. Huse, ex-'95, is located for the present in New York City.

—H. C. Quigley, '95, is Resident Manager, for Ohio, of The Security Trust Co., of Philadelphia, 1033 Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

—C. F. Sanders, '97, is located at Kutztown, Pa.

—J. B. Slack, '95, is studying law at Mt. Holly, N. J.

—F. L. Grammer, '89, has recently recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, at Pittsburg, Pa.

—W. S. Maharg, ex-'83, is at present in Chicago, Ill.

—C. A. Weakley, ex-'80, is Supervisor of B. & P. R. R., Bowie, Mich.

—H. De Huff, '95, is in Lebanon, Pa.

CLIPPINGS.

—LEADER OF VIGILANTES: "We're going to lynch you, but we'll give you your choice of the way it's done." Horse Thief: "Oh, thank you, gentlemen, thank you, You may lynch me in effigy!"—*The Brunonian*.

—AGITATED YOUNG BRIDEGROOM (immediately after the ceremony): "Serena—shall—shall I—shall we—kiss?"

Self-possessed bride (her third experience): "It is my usual custom, William."—*The Brunonian*.

—"YES," said Miss Giltinton, "the Count is such a shy man! But he has proposed to me at last. It is very amusing, for he was dreadfully embarrassed."

"So I understand," replied Miss Cayenne. "Financially."—*Washington Star*.

—"MAMMA, what is foot-ball?"

"Well, it's a kind of base-ball in which the players pitch with their legs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—TEACHER: "Tommy, if you had three yards of goods and took five more, what would be the result?"

Tommy: "Thirty days in jail, sir."—*Ex*.

—WHAT SAVED HIM.—The policeman collared the schorcher. "Here!" he exclaimed, "you bloody—Hello, you ride the same make of wheel I do! You'd better pump up that tire a little. It's too soft."—*Ex*.

—STUDENT (translating German): "Er war bald zurück." He was bald in back.—*Stevens Life*.

SPIRITUS INTACTUS.

Earth, whereon his feet have pressed,
 Took they any soil from you?
 Storm that beat upon his breast,
 Could you force an entrance through?
 Wind that howled above his head,
 Through the branches, sad and long,
 To the torrent's thunder wed,
 Could you keep from heav'n his song?
 —*Columbia Literary Monthly.*

RUTGERS VERSE.

If 'oo be naughty not,
 How's 'o1 a naughty one?
 Will 'o2 be naughty too?
 If 'oo be a knotty knot,"
 Will 'o1 be a knotty one?
 And 'o2 be knotty too?
 " 'Tis a naughty knot,"
 Thus the Register pondered—
 But the class thundered,
 "Calls us 1900." —*The Targum.*

IMPRESSIONS.

Athwart the eaves the sunlight falls,
 Where swallows build their nest,
 But on the gray and lichen'd walls
 Slowly a somber shadow falls
 In pitiless unrest.
 The grass-grown path lies straight and wide
 Without the Chapel door,
 But wanders soon and turns aside,
 To loose itself in fern, or hide
 In gloomy hellebore.
 On quiet graves within the hedge
 The tangled briars creep
 Among the sere and strangling sedge—
 And clustered at the water's edge
 The calamus grows deep.
 And where the cardinal shows red
 Above the pool's still scum
 Green gleaming from his slimy bed
 The lizard gropes with eldritch head
 Raised to the midge's hum.
 The shadows lengthen on the walls;
 The swallows homeward fly,
 And slow night's shroud of silence falls
 Save where the whippoorwill's faint calls
 Make mournful melody. —*Yale Courant.*

CONTENTMENT.

This life is sweet though we have lost the rose,
 And what care we, that into darkness goes
 The little span that's left to you and me?
 Not all the beauty vanished with the spring
 For new joys rise while other charms take wing.
 The day was bright? Lo, stars light up the sea.
 —*The Nassau Lit.*

FREE.

Calm is the night-shrouded water
 And its silver gleam is still,
 To the slope where the great dark shadows
 Come silently down from each hill.
 And the stillness of night is upon me
 As I drop the glistening oar,
 And hear the faint low music
 Float out from the distant shore.
 I hear the violin's wailing
 Arise o'er the music's roll,
 But far away they seem to be
 To the stillness of the night in my soul.
 And I look on the starlit heaven
 Where the light-laden moon hangs low,
 Far, far away seem the shore lights,
 But near is the bright stars' glow.
 No rhythm of sounds that are human,
 No man-formed sights for me!
 For the stillness of night in my soul,
 And the man-chained man is free!
 —*Columbia Literary Monthly.*

PATIENCE.

Be still my heart;
 Why wouldst thou ever have
 The far-off prize that came,
 Like sunset's purple cheek,
 Hang past the reach of man?
 Why dost thou ever pine
 To see the far-away,
 And yearn to hear again,
 The voice of yesterday?—*Ex.*

HOW HE MET HER.

She was the very sweetest girl
 I ever ran across,
 But how to make apologies
 I really am at loss.
 I struck her coasting down a hill,
 My wheel the maid did toss—
 She was the very sweetest girl
 I ever ran across.—*Ex.*

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TIME CHANGETH.


Curls and crimps,
Crimps and curls,
Great, stiff sleeves,
Are now called *girls*.

Collars white,
Cuffs, and then
Trousers tight,
Are now called *men*.


Coat of Arms,
Crown above,
Lots of cash,
Are now called *love*.

Eve wore no
Crimps as yet,
Adam had no
Coronet.


Would that we two,
Fashion rid,
Lived and loved
As Adam did. — *The Morningside*.



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